

THE GIRL WHO GOT AWAY; OLD SWEETHEARTS REVISITED

Many a Disappointed Lover Congratulates Himself on His Escape When He Sees the Home Life of His Former "Ideal."

By ELLEN ADAIR

WHO has not known the enthusiast, that good-natured, extravagant-minded man whose eyes are all swans, and whose world is bathed in the rosy sunlight of romance?

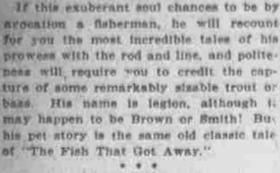
through them. So he finally decides not to reply at all.

The errand, however, doesn't let her old sweetheart off so easily. After he has been practicing a reserved silence for a few months, when the honeymoon is over, and the bliss of bliss has gravitated back to sober and solid terra firma, with its dull procession of gas men and mothers-in-law, the former lover gets a fragile missive in a readily familiar hand. It bids him, "for sake of old friendship," come and visit Mrs. Newly-Wed and her hated husband!

At first the flitted one wants to tear the letter out. But sober second thoughts tell him that to refuse the invitation would be to seem a cry-baby—so off he goes. His old girl greets him warmly, but he has been practicing a reserved silence for a few months, when the honeymoon is over, and the bliss of bliss has gravitated back to sober and solid terra firma, with its dull procession of gas men and mothers-in-law, the former lover gets a fragile missive in a readily familiar hand. It bids him, "for sake of old friendship," come and visit Mrs. Newly-Wed and her hated husband!

All this time the flitted swain is rendering a very good dinner that some destitute man might have enjoyed. But none, perhaps, could be more destitute than he. His conversation would discredit a window cleaner, because all the while he is frantically figuring a mode of escape. The only way is reached when the erstwhile ideal of his dreams sits on an arm of the hated chair and places a hand on that shoulder. "We are very happy; aren't we, Alfred?" she coos. And, murmuring some uncomplaisant fib, the former lover rushes from the cupid-haunted house.

And yet he sometimes heaves a sigh like the intake of an invalid fitly when he thinks in these later days of "The Girl Who Got Away."



Let us consider the case of "The Girl Who Got Away" from the unfortunate man's point of view.

This tragedy is usually enacted during adolescence, in those rosy days of california, and often ends in the early twenties. At the same time, it is full of regard and reported by the adoring swain as a matter of life and death.

But the matter is not without its comic relief, which, however, appeals more strongly in later life. The cause of the quarrel is usually inconceivable. Perchance she has deigned to go buggy-riding with an affluent youth or has accompanied him to the lecture on "Vegetation in the Arctic Circle."

It then behoves the irate lover to adopt a demeanor of great coolness, and he studies to avoid the recurrent assault by way of punishment; or, falling that, to be seen by her bearing an artificial expression of beatitude on his face and her dearest girl enemy in his arms.

This mode of castigation produces within him the same feelings of joy that are experienced by a man who makes his nose suffer to avenge his face.

But the object of this punishment seems in no wise improved. On the contrary, she skips off within a month and marries a man of whose existence the irate lover had not been aware in the least. Of course, the latter doesn't respond to her invitation to the wedding. He writes several answers, but all are clumsy, and most have a vein of iron ore running rich.

"HOUSEMOTHER" OF GIRLS CLUB FINDS JOY IN HER UNIQUE TASK

Mrs. Annie E. Smith Provides Members With a Home at Cost of \$4 or \$4.50 a Week, and She "Makes Ends Meet" at That—Co-operative Plan in Use.

HOW a really energetic manager of a home may "make ends meet." In spite of the fact that two and two make but four an equation deplored by the housewife when it is a matter of trying to make four dollars do the work of five, has been demonstrated by Mrs. Annie E. Smith, who is "housemother" of the Girls Co-operative Club, a branch of the Philomathean Club, at 107 South 34th street.

The girls, members of this home club, which was organized last December, and now has a membership of 15, receive, for the unbelievably small sum of \$4 or \$4.50, every conceivable home comfort. In addition to this, they are surrounded by an atmosphere of refinement, which radiates from the gentle, capable gray-haired woman whom they lovingly term "housemother." She graces the head of the table that stretches the full length of the dining room, and gleams with snow-white linen and dainty crystal glasses.

"My hands and head are busy every second, it seems," said Mrs. Smith. "I do practically all my planning after I retire for the night. The house is run entirely on a co-operative plan. The expenses must be met by the money paid into the treasury by the girls, who pay \$4 or \$4.50 a week for their home. We rent this house, and pay for the coal, gas, and second girl. All of the marketing is done by me personally, for I believe the housewife loses out in many instances by ordering over the phone.

The bedrooms are large, and two girls occupy one room, which is equipped with two single beds and all the accessories of a well-furnished bed and sitting room. It is a happy, lively family," commented Mrs. Smith, smiling, "for our members are a superior class of girls. When at home during the evenings they spend their time chatting gaily or enjoying music. During the summer months they gather on the porch and enjoy the breeze and pleasant surroundings, for this is a very beautiful location, one of the prettiest in West Philadelphia.

"I dearly love this work as 'housemother.' The domestic life appeals to me, and having kept house myself for 25 years, I enjoy planning the details of this home with all my heart. It takes constant figuring to 'make ends meet,' but we have always managed to have excellent meals; in fact, the very best the market affords, and have been self-supporting ever since the club was organized."



MRS. ANNIE E. SMITH

When You Pass By

When you pass by I seem to feel The calm of summer evenings steal Across my soul, and fragrance fall, As from some garden old and quaint.

When you pass by, When you pass by the air is bright And radiant with celestial light, As when a monk, devout and prayerful, Beholds a blessed vision fair—

When you pass by, When you pass by it seems as heaven A glory to the earth had given, A holy peace, a joy divine, That flows from your soul into mine.

When you pass by, —Katherine McKelvey.

The Evening Ledger will award a daily prize of \$1 for the best original suggestion on entertainment. The subject of the first contest will be "My Most Successful Luncheon." All manuscripts should be a reasonable length and must be returned. Address to the Entertainment Contest, Evening Ledger, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

SHEP SATISFIES HIS MASTER

SHEP, the big Scotch collie, stirred uneasily on the front door mat. There were strange happenings these days—happenings a mere dog could not hope to understand.

First there were the pigeons. How his master, Jack, had worked making a birdhouse that should be fine and comfortable for these pigeons! Shep could not understand why they were worth so much effort. They could not walk with their master; they could not go on "hikes"; they could not sit on the porch with him; why did he work for them?

But the pigeons had not stayed long—only two nights, in fact. Jack seemed to feel very sorry about their going—till he brought home two white rabbits. Then the pigeons were forgotten in the joy of making a rabbit house. But alas, the rabbits had not stayed either! After three days they made their escape while Jack was changing the water in their cup (which Shep considered very ungrateful of them). And of course Jack had felt very badly and shep had tried his best to comfort him.

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There, as though that were not enough trouble, Jack's sister Emma had brought home a pet cat! Shep hardly knew whether to fight or to make friends, but Jack settled the question by explaining to him that Miss Nell (as the cat was called) was a friend of the family—

—and that was not all. Strange new sounds were to be heard in the barn. They were "me-ows" and "mew" notes. Shep knew a queer noise coming from there when he was a kitten, but he had never seen one so big and fat as the one that was now in the barn. And of course Jack had felt very badly and shep had tried his best to comfort him.

Shep had never seen. "They are mine!" cried Mistress Nell proudly, "all mine!" "Then I'll help you take care of them," cried Shep with a glad bark; "and master and mistress will need no other pets!" So he faithfully helped Mistress Nell raise her family. They slept by him and



"They are mine!" cried Mistress Nell proudly.

followed him all over the place. He helped her train them in the way they should go—and in the way they should not go—which was quite as important. And he was so kind and helpful as he could be, that Jack and Emma were so pleased that they made a fine new doghouse big enough for all seven—Shep, Mistress Nell and the kittens—and there were no more pets.

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ENGLAND, ONCE MERRIE, GLUM IN WARTIME

Continued from Page One

of exstasy, to be sure, but it is either strained or unimaginative. Mrs. Marconi came to wake me this morning, and we talked till luncheon about clothes for Italy and the possibilities of getting to the front, and, alas, her sister and her baby, and war—always war. There is nothing else to talk about—it discolors everything. You can't laugh or dance or ponder without the hideousness of broken lines and hopes settling down on you like a poison cloud. As Trevelyan said: "I had looked forward with eagerness and expectation to the next 30 years of life; now the four next minutes, that I shall be glad to step out at any time." And this heritage of despair and ever-increasing despair as the months go by, we are to hand on to our children. How they will feel, how stupid an unreasonable we shall seem to them; as ludicrous to them as the ancient method of settling disputes between individuals by fist-fight instead of trial by jury seems to us.

We drove through the Mall on the way down to lunch at the Savoy, and saw Geoffrey Howard, the peaceable, all in khaki, and Winston Churchill, too. His face was gray and his hair unkempt, and he looked years older. The city was filled with soldiers, and a curious, strained stillness. I felt a pull on my nerves and a hope of escape. I felt I should like to get through a prison or asylum. The Strand seemed more normal than any other part of London, and Savoy Court might have been Savoy Court of a year ago. The restaurants were full of fashionable, notable and demi-mondaines. The only difference was the soldiers—English and Belgian. It is evidently the thing for them to see and to be seen in London, just as if nothing terrible were happening the other side of the Channel. Whether the sang froid is assumed or natural, I cannot say, I am inclined to think that for the English it is natural, since they are not an imaginative people. For me, I know that such sang froid in the face of possible annihilation would be a sign of a general mental breakdown, and my nerves in revolt, and all the world might know. The only way they could get me to go into battle would be at the point of a bayonet, and there must be many like me—poor devils.

NATION COMING TO REALIZATION

We learned more about England and was at luncheon. "England," said one, "has been half asleep playing at war with a self-confidence that only in England could have so few facts to justify it. When the Lusitania was sunk England began to realize her enemy's terrible strength and something like terror is clutching at her soul. Her terror produces the venomous hatred of weakness (at least on the part of those who stay at home) best conceivable in the commonness of its expression—on a par with the abuse of the London cabbie who calls names when his argument is exhausted. It produces, too, a determination and tenacity which are peculiarly British, and no doubt admirable. But among many, especially the officers, there is very little heart for the fight. As one said: 'It is a matter of living and without apparent issue.' They come back, I am told, wounded or on furlough, completely lacking the exhilaration with which they set out. After a time they are ordered to go back to the front, and go with loathing in their souls. Perhaps the third or the fourth time in one case (the fifth time) they are killed. 'There are no officers,' I heard over and over again. It is true that their numbers are appallingly reduced, and that to fill their places is apparently a problem.

There seemed to be an enlarging distrust of the authorities in England. Too many facts had not been faced; "of K's high explosives muddle in France; too many facts concealed; the sinking of the Audacious and publishing of bulletins, reporting 'no casualties' from certain expeditions, with statements to the effect that the families of the expeditionaries reporting the relatives' loss of life. This sort of thing has created a feeling of sordid, unaccounted and daily wrongs, and has been accentuated by the Lusitania disaster. How widespread this feeling is I have no means of knowing.

BIG MEN ARE IDOLIZED

But the English love to idolize "big men" like Fisher and "K. of K." and it is with the utmost difficulty that they can be brought to realize that such men are fallible. This assumed infallibility of leaders is hard on everybody concerned—hard on the leaders, hard on the country. The idolization of men makes the infallibility theory apply, with the English, to institutions as well as men—and there it is doubly dangerous. If the war in England is to be a habit of facing realities, perhaps it will have been worth while, after all.

That last statement I retract—from no single point of view in all the world could such brutality and waste be worth while.

After luncheon the young Englishman and I went to the docks to see the ship, France. He is off to Paris to drive a motor car to the front for the American ambulance. In the courtyard we met Will Irwin, the one man above all others in London who I wanted to see. He had just come from the front, and he had plenty to say that was emphatic.

We went through the routine with the usual waste of time. My passports had to be vied by the Dutch Consul, so down we went through a maze of city streets to the heart. After that the French Consul told me I had to have a photograph and passport again and come back tomorrow. Passporting up to the present has cost me \$30.

A khaki suit is necessary, so I went and bought one at Harrods, and in the process of getting my hair washed afterward I got into a conversation with the hairdresser about England and war. He used up the usual stock of invectives against Germany, "atrocities, gas, women and children, Lusitania," all of which I had heard by this time, and then I asked him how the people were taking the war—were they discouraged? "Not a bit," of course, it wasn't the easy thing we thought first, but we're going to win—not a doubt. The very notion of us being against puts 'em and 'so it is into a Britisher, and the Germans 'ave such 'orrid methods o' fightin', like war? Not much. The only one I know as likes it is a young 'eatly chap we 'ad 'ere in the depot here at the station. He got 'ere after 'e got 'ere, and was 'ere three days 'E was sent 'ome before the excitement wore off—'e'll have to go back to find out. But an old campaigner, if I might say so, as 'as fought in wars all over the world says that there never was a war as terrible as this; I'm for peace after this, old man," 'e says. That's what it is, miss. The green ones think they like it, but with the excitement all over, but they soon gets fed up. The old chaps know better."

FOODSTUFFS PRICES RISE

I told him of the depression I had found in other circles, but it had not touched him or his circle. "Of course the foodstuffs is going up something terrible—the Government ought to 'ave taken them in a long ago. The 'igh prices mean a lot o' 'om' without." "What about your department?" I asked for my hairdresser in New York had had a steady falling off in business since the beginning of the war. His department, he told me, had taken on four extra hands, so great was the rush of business. He accounted for it by the number of relatives of officers wounded or on furlough, and by the fact that people who usually were abroad had stopped at home. He told me that all stores and companies were buying dividends regularly with one exception, and that England was very well off. This statement was confirmed from another source, that I am not at liberty to mention, to the effect that the country was never so prosperous—wives and families were provided for, and unemployment



Drop over almost into the soup, languish on your glass. Be painfully conscious of your supreme indifference to all.

STANDARDIZING THE LADIES

A Thing That Can't Be Done Even by the Polymuriel Gown.

The quest of the Polymuriel is a dashingly adventurous. None but a splendid imagination could have created the vision. Any but an indomitable spirit would have quailed before the enterprise. That an American woman, as set forth in The Polymuriel, is a mastery conception, staggering in its magnitude and monumental in its simplicity to rescue American womanhood from the quagmire of extravagance, the fetters of fashion, the procrustean bed of a kaleidoscopic conventionalism in dress, and to do it by a single stroke.

The Polymuriel is a single costume, simple in construction, sensible in design, expensive to make, attractive to wear, and changeable at will from morning dress to evening gown, from work frock to outing costume, from useful to ornamental, from grave to gay. The argument in its favor is ingenious: "Men wear one kind of clothes; why shouldn't women?"

The answer makes up in conclusiveness what it lacks in ingenuity. Men don't—and women won't. There are too many forces operating to keep "the female of the species" from standardizing her plumage. Dressmaker, couturiere, modiste, tailor, milliner, shoemaker, hosier, glover, draper, department store, silk mill, woolen mill, cotton mill—all wax fat on women's chameleon taste. What what fury and what wiles would they not resort to in an assault upon their ancient prerogative of supplying the demands of woman's restlessly shifting tastes and of helping to keep them restless in order to create ever fresh demands. Women buy new clothes and adopt new styles largely because new styles and new clothes are spread temptingly before them (and so do men, but the fact must not be whispered).

When the story of Edon is rewritten, in all frankness and honesty, it will appear that the first bite of the apple revealed to Eve that since she was not dressed so becomingly as Lillith and at the same time wore a costume of an earlier vintage than that of lady of fashion, she obviously had "not a thing to wear." And the serpent, it will be revealed, was a purveyor of women's fashions, darkly disguised—or with all disguise brazenly cast aside, as you prefer.

No. The Polymuriel will not do. The providers of woman's wear will not have it. The women will not well the galling fetters of a senseless monotony in dress to want woman set in the same stocks—Independent.

35 Years Pastor of 40-year-old Church

LANCASTER, Pa., July 12.—Tomorrow the 40th anniversary of St. Stephen's Lutheran Church and the 35th anniversary of the Rev. E. Meister's pastorate will be observed with all day services. The morning services will be conducted in the German language, and the evening service in English. The Rev. J. A. Singmaster, president of the General Synod, will officiate at both services. The congregation has grown from 17 to several hundred.

PITY THE IGNORANT "PATRIOTS"

Pity the ignorant rich and the ignorant poor, both victims of an ideal of serving called "your country, right or wrong," which should long ago have been laid on the scrap heap of national ideal shibboleths as it is, however, it gets them. They rarely question it. Vainly and fear of social disapproval play an enormous part of course, but the ideal, fattened though it is, is able to inflame the poor souls going into battle with the glamour of service. How easily might that enthusiasm be used to serve a nobler, more constructive end—any of international service—in much the same way as the Boy Scouts in Holland have been trained away from the military spirit of destruction and self-glorification to the spirit of mutual aid, so that no day passes without the youthful volunteer recording, "I have done one act of kindly aid today."

We walked home rather sadly, and I felt as if the world was whirling. The heart of the world is cracked. If life is the result of one day in England, which, according to Will Irwin, is ungrateful to respect to the spirit of mutual aid, so that no day passes without the youthful volunteer recording, "I have done one act of kindly aid today."

Church Gets Hessel Property

The late W. U. Hessel, former Attorney General of Pennsylvania and a resident of Lancaster, bequeathed 100 feet of property on the Valley Forge road to the trustees of the Washington Memorial Chapel. Mr. Hessel told the trustees that whenever the fund for the completion of the chapel reached \$50,000 the deed to the property would be transferred. He was notified just before his death that the amount had been raised.

MILITARY NOTE STILL EVIDENT IN EARLY AUTUMN FASHIONS

HINTS and suggestions as to the very newest things from abroad are coming to us from various sources. The stores show imported creations with an air of having accomplished the impossible, and so they have to a very great extent, for it was never so difficult to get styles—real, authentically "Paris" styles—as it is just now. In fact, many of our fashion writers declare that there are no imported styles. Be this as it may, today's illustration shows a well-known French actress in one of the very earliest suit models for fall wear. You can see the strong tendency toward military and tailored styles which began to make their appearance early this spring, combined with the very chic ripple skirt.

It was erroneously declared by many designers that skirts would become tighter and narrower than ever during the coming winter. But, like the fate of the high collar and the wisp waist, this prophecy is doomed to remain unfulfilled, for once women have accustomed themselves to solid comfort, I doubt if they will constrain themselves with tight clothing.

Heavy mand-colored gabardine is used in making this street suit. Notice the military straps at the shoulders and the stiff, upstanding pique collar at the back. The suit collar is made shawl style, with a chic corsage bouquet worn like a boutonniere in the lapel. Patch pockets are going to continue their enormous vogue throughout the fall, as shown by the large ones seen on the coat. Another noticeable feature is a belt of the material, holding folds of the coat in place at the back. It is the first belt of the kind that I have seen.

The rest of the suit is plain, wide, full skirt and normal waist line, like those have funny little inserts of black kid on white, with patent-leather vamp.



A SAND-COLORED TROTTEUR

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Is as difficult as it is important unless you have full knowledge of the school situation. Don't make the common mistake of placing your boy or girl in the wrong institution or under time-losing conditions. Our school experts charge of two college men who have personally investigated every school, with educational work and will gladly give you particulars about school management, courses and expenses. Drop in and talk the matter over. You will be advised competently and impartially. The service is free. Or if you can't make a personal call, write or phone

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